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VIR

T

OF HIS

ÆNEIS.

(If this be not enough)

Towards the Tranſlation of the whole.

BY

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English

Epistle to the Reader.

I Have reason'd to as much purpose as if I had rimed, and now I think shall rime to as much purpose as if I had reason'd. All's one, a man that hath nothing to entertain himself withal but a pen, must be contented as others be, or should be with their estates, whether narrow or plentiful. Be a mans estate as narrow as it will, his natural necessities require of the earth variety of fruits; much more doth his delight that hath a garden, that it should produce him variety of flowers. A mans study, unless it be Law or Theology, which commonly is his bread, is his garden, in which he may affirm a rose or a violet to be the best flower, and yet be unwilling it should not be furnished with greater variety. Indeed not Nature only, but her Maker is appa-

rently delighted with variety; his plantations of heaven and earth are not indued or sowed with one, but divers influences, or seeds, and his nearer resemblance the soul of man is impregnated with divers faculties. The heavens and the earth have their seasons to play with flowers as well as to work at harvest: and the soul of man is as well indued with phansie as with reason and memory: the harvest of reason when she is predominate, is natural Theology or Phylosophy, that of memory, story, and prudence: Phansie of her self (that is where the other two do not check but obey her) produceth but a flower, which is Poetry. Others have gone farther about for the vindication of this Art, not (I think) to come the neareſt way home; seeing by thus much it is clear enough that Poetry is not the wine of Divels, *but a sprightly liquor infused into the soul by God himself.* It *is true.*

tho

the Divel may ſtumb it, but ſo he may reaſon or memory, which in this caſe become ſo much the more deadly draughts, as fraud is more poiſonous then fiction, or revenge and malice then wantonneſs. To theſe arguments from reaſon I might add experience, exemplifi'd in the greateſt maſters of the graveſt Arts, as Moſes, Lycurgus, *and* Machiavil, *all ſufficiently known to have exerciſed and delighted themſelves with Poetry. I would willingly walk in my ſtudy with this horſe of the Muſes in my hand, and ſometimes mount for my recreation, that is, if I may be allow'd any thing a good ſeat, and not ruin'd with the Ladies. The career I have choſen, is that where the ring was never yet taken nor touched, ſo that at worſt I ſhall but fail with the beſt companie. In which opinion I am ſo confident that I am thought pleaſant.*

494280

Ah me.

THe man's unbleſt in time or ſeaſon
That neither thrives by rime nor reaſon.
Reaſon hath been a ſword of might.
And rime hath been a forked dart.
Reaſon could have ſubdu'd Sir Knight.
And rime have reach'd a Ladies heart.
In me alone a rime or reaſon
Muſt either be a crime or treaſon.

Courage.

WHo writes doth launch a ſhip, that ſhould not pray
For calms, but winds to make her ſtreamers play:
For live ſhe never ſhall, except the weather
To ſet upon her can but wag her feather.

ECLOGUES
OR,
PASTORALS.

Argument.

THe occaſion of writing this Eclogue and the next was this, When after the death of *Julius Cæſar*, ſlain in the Senate, *Auguſtus* his ſon, by a war againſt them that ſlew him, and againſt *Anthony*, had obtained the victory of them all, he divided the lands of the inhabitants of *Cremona* among his ſouldiers, meerly becauſe they had quarterd his enemies, whom they were not able to reſiſt, and the lands of *Cremona* not ſufficing for this uſe, he alſo divided thoſe of *Mantua* after the ſame manner, for no other reaſon then that *Mantua* was neereſt *Cremona*. *Virgil* being an inhabitant of *Mantua*, and coming by this means to loſe his patrimony, repaired unto *Rome*, and there by the favour of the great ones, obtained ſuch particular reſpect, that he alone continu'd his ancient poſſeſſion; which nevertheleſs was ſiezed by *Arius* the Centurion, who took it ſo ill to be removed, that if *Virgil* had not eſcaped his fury by plunging himſelf into the river *Mincius*, the Centurion had kill'd him. In this Eclogue the Poet repreſents himſelf by *Tityrus*, by *Melibeus* the miſerable condition of thoſe of *Mantua*: Which City he coucheth under the name of *Galatea*; under that of *Amarillis*, *Rome*; by the god he celebrateth, he means *Auguſtus Cæſar*.

FIRST ECLOGUE.

Melibeus. Tityrus.

Thou in the ſhadow of a ſpreading beech
Doſt lie along bleſt *Tityrus*, and teach
The woods to eccho *Amarillis* fair:
While we, enforc'd to change our native air,
Give up the vital breath of our ſweet fields.

Tityrus.

O *Melibeus*, 'tis a god that yields
Our Muſe this leiſure; many a tender lamb
Out of our fold ſhall feed his holy flame.
By him my cattel wander as thou ſeeſt,
By him my rural pipe plays what ſhe liſt.

Melibeus.

In truth I do not envy, but admire
What it ſhould be for which throughout the ſhire
They take away our lands! Ah do but ſee
How ſick I drive my goats along with me:
And look you *Tityrus*, alas there's one
Can hardly go; but now ſhe yeand upon
The naked flint in yonder hazels, where
She left her twins, and all my hopes this year.
This when our oaks (if we had minded) from
The skies were toucht, was ſure enough to come.
This miſchief many times I heard full well
Th' unhappy crow from hollow elms foretel.
But *Tityrus* what is this god of yours?

Tityrus.

I thought that *Rome* was ſuch a town as ours,
Fool as I was, and that they us'd to keep
Their flocks as we do here, and tended ſheep:
So *Melibeus* I compar'd the lambs
Unto the Ews, the kids unto their dams.

But

But ſhe among the Cities over-tops,
As doth the Cypreſs in a Myrtle cops.

Melibeus.

And what good *Tityrus* made you at *Rome?*

Tityrus.

Why truly when I ſaw the ſouldiers come,
And here miſuſe us ſo; though late it were,
And that it ſnow'd if I but clipt my hair,
I thought upon it and began to ſee
What kind of thing it was call'd Liberty.
This loſt while I with *Galatea* griev'd,
Changing for *Amarillis* I retriev'd:
While th' other held me, I could neither ſpy
An hope of fredome nor propriety:
Though I the beſt of all my flock to this
Had ſacrific'd, and ſent my fatteſt cheeſe
Without return to the ungrateful town.

Melibeus.

I marl'd why *Amarillis* made ſuch moan,
It was for thee: I wonder'd on whoſe pine
She'd let the apples hang, it was on thine.
While *Tityrus* with *Amarillis* kept,
The fountains mourn'd, his *Galatea wept.*
She fil'd the meddows with her ſlighted loves,
And broke the ſilence of reſounding groves.

Tityrus.

What could I do? no other means I ſaw
My ſervitude to ſhun, nor could I draw
So neer the gods another way. Mine eyes
Here found the power to whom I ſacrifice:
Here firſt mine ears receiv'd his Oracles.
Shepherd go feed thy flock, and yoak thy bulls.

Melibeus.

Happy old man! for this to thee, thy land

Remains

Remains for ever at thy bleſt command!
And though ſome part with ſedge, and ſome with ling
Be overgrown, it is a goodly thing.
Thy calves in kindly paſtures ſhall be rear'd,
Nor get the murrain of a forreign herd.
Happy old man! here by thy native brooks,
In ſhady valleys ſhalt thou hear the rooks.
The Bee ſhall buz with her *Hyblean* lays
Soft ſleep into thine eyes from blooming ſprays.
To thee ſhall warble the melodious rocks,
While woodmen cut their browſe, or hew their blocks:
The groans of Turtles from the airy trees,
The murmur of Quiſt ſhall joyn with theſe.

Tityrus.

Wherefore the ſea ſhall drive his ſcaly ſhoales
Into the woods, the ſtag ſhall browſe the poles,
The *Parthian* ſhall drink of *Arar* firſt,
And rapid *Tigris* quench the *German* thirſt,
Ere I forget his favour or this grace.

Melibeus.

But we muſt flit unto ſome other place,
Be on the torride zone, or frozen hurld,
Or Britiſh ſhores divided from the world.
O might I ſee but after many years
My houſe of turfe, my field with yellow ears.
But this the impious ſouldier muſt poſſeſs,
This corn the barbarous! Ah bleſſed peace!
See Citizens what diſcord ſows, and who
Muſt reap! Be ſure you graft your apples now
And dreſs your vineyards. Hence no more ſhall I
By the green arms of trees protected lie
And ſee you far away, once happy flocks,
Brouzing the ſhrubs and hanging on the rocks:
Nor while you nibble ſhall I pipe your notes

Sweet

Sweet as your three leav'd graſs. Farewel my Goats.

Tityrus.

Yet *Melibeus* ſince the ſhadows now
Are at their length, and ſmoaking chimneys ſhow
'Tis late; you may remain with us this night.
Ripe cheſnuts, mellow apples ſhall delight
Your palate, we have cheeſe enough ith' houſe,
And you ſhall lie upon a bed of boughs.

Argument.

BY *Meris* in this Eclogue, is to be underſtood *Virgils* Shepherd or Baylif, who carries a preſeot of kids to mollifie the Centurion *Arius*; by *Menalcas* is meant *Virgil* himſelf, ſome of whoſe verſes *Meris* is woed by *Lycidas* to repeat.

NINTH ECLOGUE.

Lycidas. Meris.

Whither away good *Meris*, to the town?

Meris.

O *Lycidas*, the like was never known!
We live to ſee a gueſt come in a doors
And ſay, my friends, this houſe, theſe fields are ours,
I pray depart! Nay, and for this (becauſe
Fortune will have obedience to her laws)
Muſt I theſe kids unto his worſhip bear.
But ſhall not ſay much good may do you Sir.

Lycidas.

There was a ſpeech me thinks that ſince among
The gallant Courtiers your *Menalcas* ſung,

They

They left him all his goodly fields that reach
Down from the hills to the bald-pated beech.

Meris.

Why so they talk'd indeed; but songs and loves
Are unto souldiers as to eagles doves.
Neither your *Meris* nor *Menalcas* now
Had been alive, had the auspicious crow
Out of her hollow roost not stood my friend,
And warn'd me that I should no more contend.

Lycidas.

Is there such wickedness! in thee alone
Menalcas all our melody had gone.
Who should have sung the Nymphs? Our springs with bowers,
Have clouded or have star'd our fields with flowers?
Who ere made verse like that I stole from thee
When thou to *Amarillis* stolst from me!
Feed Tityrus, the flock, till I return,
I go not far, and drive 'em to the bourn,
But driving make me not more haste then speed,
The Goat is parlous with the horn, take heed.

Meris.

What then were those to *Varus*, set by yours;
Varus thy name (if Mantua be ours,
Mantua whose guilt is that she is too neer
Cremona) swans unto the skies shall bear.

Lycidas.

As thou dost hope thy swarm shall scape the Ew,
Or that the honeysuckle shall indue
The strutting udders of thy Cows, begin
If thou hast any more, for I am in:
Me have the sisters made a poet too,
And this our swains throughout the fields avow;
But I believe them not; such strains as these

To Varus or the Muſes ſwans were geeſe.

Meris.

I am upon it, and if I can bring
It well to mind, a noble air ſhall ſing.
Come faireſt Galatea, come away.
What ſport is there for me where Delphins play?
The purple ſpring here ſcatters, on the ſhores
Of creeping rivlets, his delitious ſtores.
The poplar with the vine hath joyning made
Us party colourd bowers and cooling ſhade.
Come lovely ſea nymph from the furrowd deep,
And let the ſhores thy flock of billows keep.

Lycidas.

Now that at which the ſky grew clear as curds
Laſt night; I have the tune, what are the words?

Meris.

Why hee dſt thou Dapnis antiquated ſigns?
Behold the ſtar of heav'n born Cæſar ſhines,
Whoſe Mounth beſtows upon the gods of bread
And wine, the ruby crown and golden head.
Engraft thine apples Daphnis and thy pears,
The harveſt ſhall deſcend upon thine heirs.
You ſhould have more, but all is gone with time:
I could have brought the Sun to bed in rime:
Now me my verſes and my voice forſake;
The wolf hath ſeen me firſt. But this way make
You merry till *Menalcas* come and feaſt
Us on our floury carpets with the reſt.

Lycidas.

Ah thou by theſe haſt but my flame increaſt.
The air to hearken has his murmur ceaſt.
The ſilent wave his roughneſs at thy feet
Hath laid as ſmooth as glaſs. That we are yet
But half our way *Bianors* tomb now ſhows;

Here

Here where the ſhepherds cut him verdant boughs
Here *Meris* let us ſing, thy kids here lay,
We ſhall be time enough at *Mantua*.
Or if the moiſt ſurprize of night we fear,
Sing as we go, and I the kids will bear.

Meris.

Good *Lycidas* be ſaid; if firſt we bring
Our work about, we ſhall have time to ſing.

A Note

A Note upon the fore-going Eclogues.

THat the *Roman* Empire was never founded upon a ſufficient ballance of abſolute Monarchy, is very true; but not truer then that this was the cauſe of that impotency and miſery in the ſame, which oppreſſed both Prince and People. Wherefore (becauſe the error is popular) I ſhall take this opportunity to propoſe unto ſuch as place the ballance or foundation of the *Roman* Empire in a matter of eight or ten thouſand Prætorians, a few Quæries.

1. Whether *Tarquine* made not ſuch havock of the *Roman* Nobility, as left the advantage of the ballance of Dominion ten for one in the people? And whether this did not inevitably tend unto the generation of the Commonwealth?

2. Whether the Nobility when they overcame, under *Sylla*, held not the advantage of the ballance ten for one againſt the people? And whether this did not inevitably tend unto the generation of Monarchy?

3. Whether *Sylla* did not plant forty ſeven Legions, or one hundred and twenty thouſand Veteranes in *Italy* upon Lands taken in the war? Whether this preſident were not followed by the *Triumvirs* firſt, then by *Auguſtus Cæſar*, as in theſe Eclogues? and whether this were not the ballance of the *Roman* Monarchy?

4. Whether ſuch Lands conſer'd upon the Souldery came not to be called benefices, and the incumbents beneficiaries? and whether the policy of the Turkiſh *Timars* (a word of the ſame ſignification) be not hence derived?

5. Whether *Alexander Severus* were not the firſt that granted ſuch benefices unto the next heirs of the incumbents, but upon condition they ſhould continue to ſerve the Emperor in war as formerly, otherwiſe not?

6. Whether *Conſtantine* the Great were not the firſt that made theſe benefices (held hitherto for life only) hereditary.

7. Whether the ballance being thus ruined, the *Roman* Empire ſubſiſted otherwiſe then by ſtipendiating ſtrangers or mercenaries, as the *Goths* and *Vandals?*

8. Whether this were not the means by which the *Goths* and

and *Vandals* came to ruine the *Roman* Empire?

9. Whether the *Goths* and *Vandals* having ruined the *Roman* Empire, did not by their policy place the over ballance of Dominion in their Nobility? and whether this were not the original of government by King, Lords, and Commons, throughout Christendom?

The doctrine of the ballance not sufficiently discover'd or heeded by ancient Historians and Polititians, is the cause why their writings are more dark, and their judgement less steddy or clear in the principles of Government then otherwise they would have been; nevertheless, he who not studying Partys, shall rightly answer these Quæries out of story, must strike the inevitable light of this truth out of Nature; which once masterd, the whole mystery of Government rightly instituted, or to be rightly instituted, becometh as demonstrable and certain, or as obvious and facile, even to vulgar apprehensions, as the meanest of vulgar Arts.

On the Political Ballance.

NAture is that preserv'd which God began:
The soul of Empire and the soul of man
(Though each of Heav'n be the diviner seed)
Bodies by various temper shape and feed.
Where elements are strong, or where they faint,
'Tis life or death, be thou or wretch or Saint:
Who other steps through blind ambition trod
*Invaded not the throne of Man but * God.*

* As when the Ballance was Popular. 1 *Sam.*8.7. When Monarchial. *Jer.* 27, 9, 10, 11.

VIR-

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The first Book.

I, He of late that on the ſlender oate,
Sat piping to the fields an humble note;
Then paſſing through the woods, indu'd the plains
With vow'd allegiance though to griple ſwains;
A work with theſe already in the van:
Now ſing the horrid arms of *Mars*, the man
Whoſe wandring fate from ruin'd a *Ilium* bore a *Troy.*
His painful courſe for the b *Lavinian* ſhore. b *Italy.*
Much was he toſſed both at ſea and land
By *Juno*'s wrath, and that celeſtial band
Of powr's, which in her quarrel ſhe engag'd:
And much he ſuffer'd in the wars he wag'd,
Ere he could ſeat his deities, or found
The mother City on *Italian* ground;
From whence our *Latine* predeceſſors come,
Our *Albane* fathers, and our haughty *Rome.*
O Muſe record the cauſe, what had there been
To animate the gods or grieve their Queen,

That she with such a world of woe should wound
The man for piety so much renown'd?
Can passion set ev'n souls in heaven on fire!
Carthage, an ancient City sprung from *Tyre*,
Once for her wealth and martial arts in vogue,
Against the yellow shores that disimbogue
Rough *Tyber*, stood to *Italy* oppos'd;
Juno's delight, the circle that enclos'd
Her heart beyond her *Samos*; to this plot
(Where hung her arms, where stood her chariot)
Could she the fatal Sisters have enclin'd,
The Empire of the world had been design'd.
But they had told there should descend from *Troy*
A race that must the *Tyrian* line destroy,
A soveraign people that the head sublime
Of Empire, should on ruin'd *Carthage* climbe.
The goddess gald with this, her antient fewd
Revolves, by growing injuries renewd:
The honours done to ravish'd *Ganimed*,
Who of the hated blood of *Troy* was bred;
Her beauty foyld and blasted by the foul
Repulse of *Paris*, dwell in her deep soul.
For these the reliques of the *Grecian* ire
Some years she wrenchd with seas & bleach'd with fire,
Jealous of *Italy* as of her *Jove*,
The wandring *Trojan* from his harbour drove,
While every element obey'd her doom.
So vast a work it was to raise up *Rome*!
The *Trojan* fleet at plough with brazen prows,
The sight of *Sicily* no sooner loose,
Then *Juno* feeding her eternal wound,
Thus with her self. Must then the Fates confound
My enterprizes? Yes, they shall convince
Me with their saw, and with their *Dardan* Prince.

Minerva

Minerva, when unto her c Propheteſs
Oilus offer'd force, could go no leſs
Then thunder: for the fault of one, her hand
By *Jove*'s good favour, flouriſht with his brand,
Sunk an whole Navy, ith' *Ægean* ſtraights
Of *Grecians*, of my confederates,
With whirlewinds took the guilty lover, ſtuck
Him, gaſping flame, upon a pointed rock!
But I the Queen of heaven, from age to age,
With half a foe, a fruitleſs war muſt wage,
Nay, ſtill be worſted, who will bend a knee,
Or pay a grain of incenſe more to me?
Thus fanning hidden fire, ſhe took her way
Into the land of ſtorms, *Æolia*.
Here *Æolus*, while in his mighty cave,
The hollow winds, and ſounding tempeſts rave,
Upon a lofty tower enthroned bears
A ſcepter awful to the mutineers;
Who yet with murmur for enlargement ſeek,
In labour to be born at every creek:
And ſhould the marble womb afford them birth,
Would lave the ſea, and mingle heaven and earth.
But *Jove*, a people that ſo high are flown,
As with their liberty to ſhake his throne
Obſerving, hurl'd upon their necks the rocks
That bow their fury to eternal yoaks;
Gave them a King that curbs the giddy race
With brazen chains, and with an iron mace.
To him lamenting *Juno* ſpeaks her mind,
Prince of the rocks and ayries of the wind,
Behold the Tyrrhene ſeas are cover'd o're
With canvas that to me will never lore;
My enemy, in my deſpite, is bound
To plant his colours on *Italian* ground:

c *Caſſandra*.

Unhood thy falcons, slip their leases, throw
Thy haggards off to tyre upon my foe.
For this, *Deiope*, the blackest ey'd,
The fairest *Nymph* I have shall be thy bride,
And live a constant mark of gratitude,
In lovely copies of thy self renew'd.
Madam (said *Æolus*) when we but know
Your pleasure, 'tis obedience we ow,
Who at the table of the gods have place,
And hold our pregnant Empire of your grace.
Then turning with his javelin gave a stroak
That fruitfully disclos'd the teeming rock.
The winged furies from the bottome sweep
The sea, and to the mountains roll the deep.
The chariot of the poles is over driven,
The axel catches fire in groaning heaven.
Untimely night is hatch'd by brooding clouds
That sit the sea. The noise of tearing shrouds
Is answer'd by the shreeks of men beneath,
To whom each object threatens present death.
Ah (says *Æneas*) you that chanc'd to fall
While *Troy* was yet invested with her wall,
On which your wives or aged parents stood,
And saw your valour sacrifice your blood
Unto your Countrey, souls for ever blest!
How oft have I desir'd your envi'd rest!
Thus *Hector* with *Achilles* parted well.
Thus great *Sarpedon* by *Patroclus* fell.
Why *Diomedes* could I not from you
Obtain the favour every whit as due,
Where *Simois* so many shields and helms
And dearer spoils of *Heroes* overwhelms?
But these, to other sighs, to other brine
That tear his sails, and snap his oars, resign.

A billo

A billow charges like a falling rock,
The prow declines, the deck receives the ſhock.
Some bottomes ſound and raiſe the ſand below,
While others foam on liquid *Alps* in ſnow.
Three on the ſhelves (they call the altars) ſtick,
And other three are ſtranded in a quick.
Orontes Captain of the *Lycian* keel,
Engag'd in broken ſeas that meeting wheel,
Is ſwallow'd by the gulph. What *Troy* could ſave
From fire, is now for plunder to the wave.
The *Ilion*, *Abbas*, the *Acbates*, all,
How ſnug, how tite ſoever, or how tall,
Are drunken with the tipple of their leaks,
And ſtagger unto death with giddy decks.
Neptune by this who felt the lower ſound
Remove, in great commotion gave a bound
Which from the deep above the raging flood
Advanc'd his calmy head. Intent he ſtood
Upon the ruine ſcatter'd round about,
Perceives it *Trojan* and is out of doubt;
He's no ſuch ſtranger to his ſiſter Queen
But *Juno* through her cloud is eas'ly ſeen.
At which he hales the winds, and rates 'em. Whence?
Sons of the Gyants, this your confidence!
From your high birth forſooth! that ere your leiſure
Could give you leave to know our will and pleaſure,
You dare to jumble heaven and earth together!
Whom we--- But better 'tis to calm the weather.
Be gone, and tell your King what he forgot,
The azure crown and trident are our lot,
He muſt not lord it here, he may do ſo
Upon your conyburies Puff-cheeks, go.
His words reſtore the day: the ſhips are wrench'd
Out of the ſhelves and quicks, their jaws unclench'd

By *Triton* joyning with *Cymothoe*;
While *Neptune* in his chariot rolls the sea.
As when some mighty City bursteth out
Into sedition, the ignoble rout
Assault the Palaces, usurp the street,
With stones, or brands, or any thing they meet;
(For furies armoury is everywhere)
But if a man of gravity appear,
Whose worth they own, whose piety they know,
Are mute, are planted in the place, and grow
Unto his lips that smooth, that melt their souls;
So hush the wayes where *Neptune*'s chariot rolls.
The *Trojans* leaky, spent and shatter'd, stand
Now for the next which was the *Lybian* Land.
A bosome in the yielding border lay
The safe retreat unto a calmy bay,
Which, seaward by an Isle is fortifi'd
That drives the foamy croud with either side
On rocks which threaten heaven and aw the deep;
By these the weary billows steal to sleep.
The one whose airy brows are over-grown,
Under the shadow of his oaken crown,
Receives the stranger, and presents his sight
With vari'd scenes of wonder and delight.
I'th other hangs a cave, the dear resort
Of Nymphs that revel in the marble Court;
Where lavish springs in silver eddys run,
And seats are offer'd by the living stone.
The ships that here arrive ensure themselves,
Nor need their crooked teeth to bite the shelves.
Seven gallies with the Prince of all his store
Disbarque, enamour'd of the wished shore.
The sea-sick stooping kiss the flowry vest
Of mother earth and lay their bones to rest.

Achates

Achates ploughs with flint and sows the seed
Of flame which wither'd leaves and branches feed.
Some bring the mils and some the soaken wheat:
They yet have better appetites then meat.
Æneas fullest of his wanted men
(To see if there were any hope in ken)
Had climb'd a rock, upon whose deck he stood
As much as ever tossed by the flood,
While he can neither a dismantled stern,
Nor canvas crest throughout the coast discern.
In grief descending from the helpless crags,
He casts his eye upon an herd of stags
At forrage in the valley, where they fed
In file with three commanders at the head:
His bow and feather'd reeds he takes, to these
The fairest standards stoop like falling trees;
At which in vain the vulgar take the rout
By his unerring hand pursued throughout
The rustling woods, till he have equalled
Unto his ships the number of the dead.
These, with the wine that good *Acestes* stowd
Into the hould at the *Sicilian* road;
He destributes unto his fainting troops,
With words that re-inspire the soul that droops.
Companions says he, too well you know
We are not learning what belongs to wo,
But must forget the dolours we out-live
To doubt if God an end to these can give.
Unto the teeth of the *Nereian* wolf,
Or to the swallow of her sister Gulph,
The forge of *Ætna*, or her Smiths, what may
We reckon that we have escap'd to day?
If pleasure past be but as treasure lost,
Then pains when they are past may quit the cost.

Through all varieties that can oppoſe,
Each element conſpiring with our foes,
We make our way, and at an eaſie rate
When we compute the promiſes of Fate;
For if we thus redeem the *Trojan* wall,
It ſtood us yet in more to ſee it fall.
Reſerve your ſelves for better. Thus he ſaid
With ſmiling lips, but with an heart that bled.
The Deer are broken up, ſome ſtrip the ſide,
And others with their glittering skeans divide
The bleeding quarry into chops yet hot,
That tremble on the ſpit or warm the pot,
The iron helmet and the brazen ſhield
Are pots and pans that ſtew the ſmoaky field:
Till on the graſs they wallow, where at length
Fat veniſon and old wine retreive their ſtrength.
Hunger appeas'd but wakes another pain;
Gyas and *Amycus* are call'd in vain:
What of *Cloanth*, of *Lycus* is become?
And of *Orontes*, ah the cruel doom!
Æneas of the mourners ſtill is chief
And with a never diſcontinu'd grief.
Jove on the brow of heaven a pauſe now made,
The poiſed earth and ſail-wing'd ſea ſurvey'd,
On mortals and their frail affairs intent;
When *Venus* full of tears, as he is bent
Point blank upon the *Lybian* realms and ſeas,
Invades the thundrer with ſuch moans as theſe.
Director of the gods and men, you ſee
What of my *Trojans* is become and me.
How have they ſin'd, that ſtill their puniſhments
Are but renew'd, while all the world conſents,
To hold em off, againſt your will combin'd?
Or how is it that you have chang'd your mind?

Sure

Sure you have made it known to be your doom,
That *Italy* by *Troy* ſhould bear great *Rome*.
With this I ſollac'd my afflicted ſtate
When ſhe was ruin'd, poiſing fate with fate:
Yet cruel fortune, at our charge indu'd
With conſtancy, purſues her antient few'd.
Antenor through the *Greek* could find a way
A paſſage through the Gulph of *Adria*.
Croſs the *Lyburnian* territory ſafe,
Subdue the furious torrent of *Timave*,
That burſting from a mountain in nine ſtreams,
Ploughs the fat valley with his foamy teams,
And there erect his *Padua*, where at eaſe
He bears the *Trojan* arms impal'd with peace.
Why then ſhould ſome, whoſe ways you needs muſt ſee,
Have leſs regard to us your progeny,
While we are in our lawful voyage croſt,
Tatter'd and torn, and hung on every coaſt?
Is this the throne, the ſcepter you inten'd?
Who will be pious if this be the end?
Jove, with the ſmiles that clear the weather, dips
His coral in the Nectar of her lips,
And thus replies. My *Cytherea* fair,
Diſcharge theſe moving pillows of their care.
What we engage we never ſhall decline,
Firm as our *Atlas* ſtand the fates of thine.
Thy promis'd City ſhall put forth her towres,
And ſpring the neereſt neighbour unto ours;
'Tis thus upon the roll, and I could ſtrain
A point, becauſe I ſee thou art in pain,
To make the ſecrets of the Fates appear
A little more at large, but in thine ear;
This man thy ſon will have enough to do,
His foes have might and courage, but muſt bow.

Ere

Ere three ſprings warm him in his Latine throne,
Or the fierce Rutili have been his own
So many winters, all will be ſecur'd,
Rough nations hewn, his royal ſeat immur'd:
Then ſhall he captivate their better parts,
By righteous laws inthroned in their hearts.
But young *Aſcanius* (whom they call'd *Jule*)
Removing from *Lavinium*, ſhall rule,
Till *Sol* have finiſht thirty large carriers,
At *Alba*, which ſhall be three hundred years
The ſeat of *Trojan* Empire, ere the ſons
Of *Mars* be born among the veſtal Nuns,
And *Romulus* from royal *Ilia* come
To ſuck his wolf and then to build thy *Rome*;
From him the *Romans* ſhall deſcend: to theſe
I ſet no bounds of time, of land or ſeas.
My wife herſelf ſhall here compoſe our wars,
Become the willing nurſe of their affairs:
The patronized earth ſhall gladly own
Her ſelf the client of the *Roman* gown.
It is decreed, and flowing time ſhall ſee
Submiſſive *Greece* reſtore upon her knee
The Trophies that from *Trojan* aſhes came
To the reviving *Phœnix* of her flame.
Then ſhall her *Caſar* (*Julius* of great
Julus call'd) unto his Empire ſet
The Ocean, to his fame the ſtarry skies
For frontiers, to which when he ſhall riſe
Loaden with Eaſtern ſpoils in ſpicy ſmoak,
Him ſhall the gods embrace and men invoke.
The age ſucceeding ſhall relent, obey
Law and Religion, throwing arms away;
With Iron bolts and leavers ſtanch and bar
The floud-gate and the doleful hinge of war:

Within

Within ſhall impious fury ſit in chains
On piles of ſwords and ſpears; with ſcalding veins,
(His arms behind him in a brazen knot
Securely bound) ſet up his horrid throat.
This ſaid he ſends his Harbinger to take
Up *Juno's Carthage* for the *Trojan* wrack;
Who cuts the liquid air with feather'd oars
And caſts himſelf upon the *Lybian* ſhores.
The *Tyrian* courage nor the royal breſt
Of *Dido* ſtrives with *Jove* or the diſtreſt.
Æneas now had paſs'd a thoughtful night
In muſing where he was, and with the light
Is up to hide his fleet and ſeek this out,
He is at once their General, their Scout.
Nor was it by the Countrey eaſily gueſs'd
Whether it were the realm of man or beaſt:
The coaſt was deſert, and the land untill'd,
(For *Carthage* yet her ſelf was hardly fill'd)
The bay was ſtrangely over-grown, the flood
In many creeks was cover'd by the wood:
In theſe he ſtows his Navy, then away
He and *Achates* with their javelins ſtray.
An huntreſs in the covert paſſes by,
As in the duske heavens wanton flaſhes fly,
To whom *Harpalice* of *Thrace* were ſlow,
Her ſporting locks like rapid *Heber* flow;
The ruffling winds that touſe her as ſhe goes,
A rifled breſt, a naked knee diſcloſe.
The *Spartane* maid (for this unto the eye
Her dreſs, her quiver, and her bow imply)
Begins the dialogue. My hearts, I pray
Did any of my ſiſters go this way?
In pillage of the ſpotted *Linx*, they follow
The foamy bore, or did you hear them hollow?

Goddeſs,

Goddeſs, (ſays he) for in that voice, that face
There is no ſound, no ſhew of humane race;
None of thy ſiſters did we ſee or hear
Nor if we had could have inform'd thee where,
Who know not where we are; propitious power,
Behold the ſhipwrack of a forreign ſhore;
Say what we do, whoſe fields they be we tread,
To whom we fall; ſo ſhall thy flames be fed
By our right hands. Strangers, (ſays ſhe) not ſo;
Unto the purple buskin and the bow,
Which is the faſhion with the *Tyrian* Dames,
Belong no ſuch devotions nor flames.
The fields you tread to *Carthage* appertain,
Where ſons of *Mars* obey a womans reign.
Here *Dido* by her brother chas'd from *Tyre*
The ſcepter ſways: volumes her wrongs require.
But I ſhall touch their tops and run them over.
The greateſt Lord of lands, the trueſt lover
Throughout *Phœnicia*, in her blooming pride
From her glad parents had receiv'd this bride;
Sichæus was his name, whoſe brother then
(*Pigmalion* the wickedeſt of men)
Was King of *Tyre*. This prodigy by ſtealth
Murders *Sichæus* meerly for his wealth,
The body and the fact conceals, beguiles
His ſiſters flatter'd hopes with many wiles;
Till all in ſlumber be at length diſclos'd
Unto the widdow by her husbands ghoſt:
His viſage wan in dreadful wiſe he ſhews,
His wounds, the mazes of the bloody houſe,
Then beckons to a vault where buried lie
His golden hoards, with which he bids her flie.
She thus reſolved, companions in her flight
Loathing and fear of tyranny provide.

Pigmalion's

Pigmalion's revolting fleet is tow'd
Into rebellion, by the treaſure ſtow'd:
Under the conduct of a woman, on
A canvas wing his golden dream is flown.
Such was the Colony that landed where
You ſoon will ſee her riſing towres appear.
But whence are you, or whither would you go?
Goddeſs (ſays he) the Sun, ere half our wo
Could be expreſs'd, would hide himſelf: we are
Troys aſhes ſpurn'd and ſcatter'd into air:
Her hated reliques which the light abhors,
Toſs'd by the ſeas and ſplit upon the ſhores.
Æneas is my name, whom wrathful heaven
Exil'd in twenty ſhips now brought to ſeven.
A Countrey promis'd by the deſtinies
I ſeek, purſuing *Italy* that flies.
But ſure (returns the maid) he has not loſt
His way, nor all the gods, that on this coaſt
Is born, by milder weather or by ſtreſs,
As when you ſee the Queen you will confeſs.
And as thoſe ſwans deſcending from above,
Where they were ſcatter'd by the bird of *Jove*,
Tack their white ſails, and falling in a round
Together touch or ſeem to touch the ground,
So does your fleet, ſo does your landing youth,
If ancient augury have any truth.
This ſaid, in vain recalled by her ſon,
His Mother *Venus* as ſhe goes is known;
Who, to conceal him from the gazing crowd,
At parting clothes him with a truſty crowd,
And ſo to *Paphos*, where unto the skies
An hundred ſmoaky altars ſeek her, hies.
The *Trojans* haſte and riſing with their way,
Carthage below from ſteepy clifs ſurvey.

Wonder

Wonder commands an halt. The vale, ere while
Sprinkled with ſheds, becomes an haughty pile,
The pavements ſound, the ardent *Tyrians* reek,
Some cut, ſome roll the ſtone which others ſeek
In ſpeckled quarries, ſome the theater
On mighty columns, ſome the caſtle rear,
Some ſpread a common roof, and ſome their own,
While others lead the wall about the town.
As when the heir apparent of the hive
Calls forth the youth, or when their parents ſtive
In liquid cells the plunder of the fields;
One brings the burden and another builds,
The eager work with murmur fills the plain,
A drone is not permitted to remain.
Æneas moves agen and moving cries,
O walls that have the happineſs to riſe!
Then met by none with what he pleaſes meets,
And goes inviſible into the ſtreets.
A grove that caſt a pleaſing ſhade, indued
The mighty City with a ſolitude,
Which in the middle of the builders lay
Untouched by the threatning ax, ſince they
Here with the ſpade diſcover'd *Juno*'s ſign,
An horſes head, by which they might divine
Unto their arms and ploughs increaſe. There ſtood
A temple in the middle of the wood,
Unto the goddeſs raiſed by the Queen,
Which full of either power, and pomp was ſeen.
The high aſcent was braſs, the beams were cheek'd
With braſs, the gates on brazen hinges ſhreek'd.
Here firſt *Æneas* met what made him dare
To truſt his hopes, and vilifie deſpair:
For wandring through a world, the penſil ſtruck
As out of Chaos with ſtupendious luck;

He

He finds the ſtory of the *Trojan* flame
Had fill'd the world already with her fame.
Here *Agamemnon*, there *Achilles* ſtood;
Here *Priam* ſacrificed in his blood.
At which he ſtopt and wept, behold, ſays he,
Achates, if in all the earth there be
A ſtranger to our woes, an heart ſo hard
Where pain wants pity, vertue her reward:
While each of theſe hath been our harbinger,
What is it man that we ſhould need to fear?
While thus the empty ſhadows drink his tears
And feed his hopes, the zealous Queen repairs
So to the temple, and with ſuch a train:
As when upon the *Tenarean* plain,
The fair *Oreades* by hundreds follow
The quiver-bearing ſiſter of *Apollo*.
Her incenſe paid, the *Dame* intent upon
Her growing Empire, now aſcends a throne
Environ'd by her guards; divides, creates
By word or lot, the honours, Magiſtrates:
While men as Oracle receive her law.
Mean time it ſeem'd unto the Prince he ſaw
Antheus, *Sergeſt*, *Cloanthus*, many more
He gave for loſt appearing at the door.
Achates, rapt with joy, would ſtreight have had
Him break his cloud; *Æneas* though as glad
Yet not ſo ſuddain, while he ſees a preſs
About the ſtrangers, waits for the ſucceſs.
They ſue for audience, which granted, thus
Unto the Queen grave *Ilioneus*.
May't pleaſe your ſacred Majeſty; the hand,
Which by divine indulgence hath obtain'd
To be the foundreſs of a glorious realm,
And ſteer rough Nations with a calmy helm,

We ruines of our *Troy* and of your shore
To gracious pity and relief implore.
O stop the sluces of mistaken ire;
O save our Navy from the threaten'd fire.
We neither bring you war, nor come for prey,
Crimes which our better fortunes could not lay
Unto our charge: what courage then appears
In conquer'd bosomes to create such fears?
There is a Land was call'd *Hesperia*,
Where once th' *Oenotrian* plough'd the fertil clay,
A dug of earth that suckles arms; the name
Of late is *Italy*, at this we aim.
It was the cruelty of wind and weather
That broke us in our course and forc'd us hither.
Yet winds and seas have cast us upon men,
While men would cast us into seas agen;
Your shores are arm'd against a naked brest,
As if the gods were foes to the distress'd.
The wave devours, they threaten with the brand,
We sink, and yet they will not let us land.
A Prince we have, or had, then whose hath fame
For arms or piety no greater name;
To him in kindness, if he see the Sun,
You never will repent to have begun.
This was, this is I trust *Æneas*: We
Have friends, *Acestes* King of *Sicily*,
Who being of our blood must needs embrace
A favour done unto the *Dardan* race.
We ask but to *Carine* upon your shores,
And cut a little wood to make us oars.
This work perform'd immediately we steer
For *Italy*, if of our Prince we hear;
But if our life be swallow'd by the waves,
For *Sicily* which will afford us graves.

The

The ſenſe of *Ilioneus* approv'd
By all, the Queen at firſt was ſomewhat mov'd,
Who thus, invaded by a bluſh, replies.
Trojans, if diligence or jealouſies
Have rougher brows in Empire that is new,
This ſhould not be ſo ſtrange to ſuch as you.
Be not diſcourag'd, we have heard of all,
Your Prince, your ſelves, your City and her fall.
The Sun is neerer neighbour both to *Tyre*
And *Carthage* then to leave us in the mire
Of Barbariſm: you may ſafely uſe
Our ports, and taking time as freely chuſe
Your courſe, or with your Prince, or for your friend;
And what it is you want our ſtores ſhall lend.
Or ſhould you rather like this realm of ours,
The City which we build is freely yours.
Break up your fleet, with me the different name
Trojan and *Tyrian* ſhall be the ſame.
And for your Prince we hope he may be well,
But if there be a ſhore of ours can tell,
You ſhall be eaſed of the heavy doubt.
At which ſhe orders horſe to be ſent out.
Æneas ſwell'd with joy that tore his ſhroud,
Broke from the chamber of the lightning cloud
Into the field, for which his Mothers charms
Had been at work to gird him with her arms;
As when to Ivory, to *Parian* ſtone
Art contributes the luſtre that's their own.
Interpreted by ſuch a garb and meen,
He comes with this addreſs unto the Queen.
Sacred and only calm I ever knew,
The raging ſea, the ſtormy winds that blew,
The cruſhing rocks be ever bleſt, ſince we

By theſe are driven under ſuch a Lee.
While rivers with their ſilver tribute own
The ſea, will we the favours you have ſhown;
Our gratitude from their immenſeneſs ſhall
Deſcend, while ſhadows from the mountains fall.
Your fame ſhall ſound and ſpread where ere we ſteer;
While Planets wander in the azure ſphear.
This ſaid to *Ilioneus*, *Gyas* and
Cloanthus, with the reſt he gives his hand.
The preſence or the fortunes of the man
Silenc'd the Queen a while, ere ſhe began
Thus to bemoan his ſtate, What cruel hand
Purſues the pious to an unknown land!
You are *Æneas* whom the goddeſs bore,
And *Simois* ſwaddled in his flowry ſhore;
For at the time my father *Belus* broke
Fat *Cyprus* unto his victorious yoke,
There came a *Greek*, one *Teucer*, who was ſprung
Of *Trojan* blood, and did the name no wrong;
He from the very firſt unto the laſt
Had ſeen your wars, and told us all that paſt:
And in the miſeries which you have known
There is ſo great reſemblance of our own,
While either fleet by like adventures toſt,
Is met at length upon the ſelf ſame coſt;
That you may truſt our learning in the art
Of giving eaſe to the afflicted heart.
Which ſaid, ſhe brings the *Trojan* to her court,
And ſends a royal preſent to the port;
An hundred ews and lambs, an hundred ſows,
And *Bacchus* rides upon a drove of cows.
The royal pallace with magnificence
And vari'd ſcenes of pomp receiv'd the Prince.

The

The flores were carpets, and the roofs were guilt,
The walls with ſtory ſilken volumes fill'd.
The board was cover'd with beſuiting ſtate,
The cupboards loaden, where the maſſey plate
Phœnician arms and pedigrees inrol'd
In ſilver Trophies, and triumphant gold.
Forthwith *Æneas* (for the fathers mind
Runs not on things that leave the ſon behind)
Diſpatch'd *Achates* to the fleet for dear
Aſcanius, directed thence to bear
Some ornaments and jewels, which had been
The choice of *Helens* ſtore, unto the Queen.
But *Venus* ſtill in doubt what might betide
In *Juno*'s realms, with new adventures pli'd
The deſtin'd Lady; ſtole the boy away
With ſlumber bound him in *Idalia*
The ſluggard lies, imbrac'd by ſhady bowres,
In fragrant herbage breathing like the flowres;
While Cupid, having laid aſide his wings,
Puts on his nephew and the preſent brings.
The Queen upon a purple couch at board
Was ſet, and next to her the *Trojan* Lord;
By him his Captains, for their better cheer
Each entertained by a *Tyrian* Peer.
Firſt comes the towel and the ſpouting ewre,
Then yellow *Ceres* uſher'd by the Sewer.
An hundred Pages ſerve the ſmoaky plate,
As many on the flouring bottles wait.
To theſe not dreaming to be ſo beguil'd
Enters the little God that plays the child;
The *Tyrians* in the jewels worſhip *Troy*,
But *Dido* raviſht with the lovely boy,
Enthrones the cruel wanton on her knee,

And offers to the unknown Deity
In kiſſes, while he ſcratches out *Sicheus*
And in her marble boſome writes *Æneas*.
Now at the ſecond ſervice *Bacchus* crown'd
With more ſolemnity began his round:
At freer mirth which former ſilence brake
The roof, the arches murmuring awake.
Torches in golden ſconces keep the field
And night is ſcatter'd by a flaming ſhield.
The bowl which *Belus* us'd, and all from him,
Sparkling with wine and jewels to the brim,
Dido receives, and ſilence made, O *Jove*
(Says ſhe) for thee we underſtand to love
The hoſpitable, and preſide at all
The entertainments truly jovial,
May our poſterity obſerve with joy
This day, the feſtival of *Tyre* and *Troy*:
Propitious *Juno* be a conſtant gueſt,
And *Bacchus* Prince of gladneſs crown the feaſt.
At which ſhe ſhed the honour of the cup
To conſecrate the board, and took a ſup;
Then rouſing mighty *Bitias* gave him hold,
Who launch'd his lips, and lav'd the foamy gold.
The health goes round. *Iopas* with the treſſes
What *Atlas* taught unto the harp expreſſes;
How man, how beaſt, how rain and thunder come
By Nature to be formed in her womb,
The travails of the Sun and Moon in airs
Re-eccho to the muſick of their ſphears:
Trojans and *Tyrians* at every pauſe
Become the *Chorus* with their high applauſe.
But other draughts, and other charms then theſe
For ever on unhappy *Dido* ſieze;

Who

Who waſtes the night with various diſcourſe,
Enquiring now of arms and then of horſe,
Much after *Priam*, after *Hector* much;
If *Diomed* were ſo, *Achilles* ſuch:
Nay, but (ſays ſhe) *Æneas*, now oblige
Me to begin, and ſhew me the whole ſiege,
VVith all your travels ſince you there begun,
And here conclude ſeven courſes of the Sun.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The ſecond Book.

SIlence and deep attention every man
Had rais'd, when from his haughty couch began
The Prince thus in obedience, to relate
Unto the *Tyrian* Queen the *Trojan* fate.
- Madam, our pains, ſince you aſſign them breath,
Shall live again, though they be worſe then death:
For how dire *Greece* attain'd to overwhelm
Troy's glories, and that miſerable realm,
(A deſolation which wretched we,
So great a ſhare of it, ſurviv'd to ſee)
VVhat *Dolop*, *Myrmidon*, or tongue of theirs
That triumph in the fact, could tell for tears!
And now the heavens ſhake off diſſolving night,
And ſetting ſtars to injur'd ſleep invite;
Yet ſince by your commands, you ſhould not fear
The groans again of gaſping *Troy* to hear,

Although

Although my ſoul give back, as ſhrinking in
At thoughts ſo horrid, I ſhall now begin.
The *Greeks* for many years repuls'd by Fate,
And broken by our ſallies, dedicate
A mighty horſe (whoſe arched rib was pine)
To *Pallas*, framed by her art divine;
An holy bribe as they would have it thought,
By which their licence to retreat was bought.
For ſo 'twas given out, while they indeed
Had lodg'd an ambuſh in the hollow ſteed.
This ſpacious womb of death impregnated
Thus with the choiceſt men that nation bred,
For *Tenedos* (an Iſland in the ken
Of *Troy*, rich, while ſhe ſtood, but now a fen
And unſecure) their ſculking Navy bore,
And lurk'd upon the ſolitary ſhore.
The wind was good, and we ſuppos'd 'em gone,
VVhen *Troy* her tarniſh'd jollity put on,
Open'd her gates, now every one muſt ſee
The trenches of the flying enemy;
Here lodg'd *Achilles*, there his *Dolops* laid,
Here joyn'd the battel, there was the *Parade*.
But that of all which had ingros'd diſcourſe
And wonder, was the fabrick of the horſe:
VVhich firſt *Thymetes* (whether ſo to be
Troy's Fate would have it or his treachery)
Commands into the City to be brought.
Capys and others not ſo raſh (who thought
The *Grecian* bounty fitter to be thrown
Into the ſea then for the wiſe to own)
To launch the ſwelling oak, and ſearch the dire
Impoſtume, call for axes or for fire.
Th' incertain people now to this inclin'd,

nd now to that, are never of a mind.
Laocoon, in speed and very lowd,
Comes from the castle, at his heels a crowd,
And all the way he runs, he shreeks and crys,
Ah wretches, what is it hath seild your eyes?
Is't possible you think the *Grecians* fled!
Are you no better in *Ulysses* read,
Then to imagine him a friend that woo'd
Be at such cost with you, and for your good!
The foe is spying from that lofty crest,
The City to be trampled by this beast:
Or be what will the drift of this device,
A *Greek* and bountiful forewarns me twice.
At which he rally'd all his scatter'd force,
And threw his massey javelin at the horse:
It stuck and trembled in the dry-lip'd wound,
The caves resounded and the caverns groan'd.
O heavens! O destinies! you have design'd
VVhom you intend for ruine to be blind,
Or death had thus been stifled in the womb,
And *Troy* had stood upon a *Grecian* tomb.
As this was doing, lo unto the King
A captive youth in bonds the shepherds bring:
A rable gathers to him, some with spite
Are mov'd, and some with pity at the sight.
The youth among the *Trojan* bands amaz'd,
Thus vents his grief as on their strength he gaz'd;
VVretch that I am, what land, what sea can be
My refuge, in whose double destiny
Both *Greece* and *Troy* pursue each others ends,
My equal foes whose fortune makes them friends!
His words, his sighs, his tears have turn'd the tide,
The *Trojans* pity whom they did deride,

Enquire his ſtory, him to truth adviſe,
As that wherein the Captives ſafety lies.
VVhence he aſſur'd, aſſures the King of truth,
I am (ſays he) indeed a *Grecian* youth.
(For wicked fortune never ſhall be able
To render *Sinon* falſe though miſerable)
If you have heard of *Palamed* (deriv'd
From *Belus*) who in fame ſhall be long liv'd,
Spite of that treachery which cut him ſhort,
For ſhocking with the raſhneſs of the Court
By counſel, which againſt this war he gave,
He dy'd by them that weep upon his grave.
I was his kinſman, and with him I came,
Driv'n by my wants to venture at this game,
The ſword, which by his conduct thriv, while he
VVas in ſuch honour, as had ſome for me.
But ſince that ſugard poyſon of the tongue
Envious *Ulyſſes* (what I ſay is ſung)
Gave him his bane; I have bemoan'd my friend
In ſolitude, reſolv'd if fate ſhould ſend
Me ever home, I never would forget
His ghoſt, the traytor, or the bloody debt.
But fool, I could not hide this noble ſenſe,
And all my miſeries derive from thence.
Ulyſſes having found me, from that time
Hath ſtill upon his forge had ſome new crime
Againſt me, ſo to make the vulgar prate,
And with their forked tongues to arm his hate.
Nor could a peace or truce be ever made,
Till he had won our Prophet to his aid-----
But I anatomize a *Greek* to men
That think them all (perhaps) alike, and then
My cauſe, no doubt, is pleaded very well

To looſe this head of mine, which you may ſell,
Since *Agamemnon* or *Ulyſſes* would,
For ſuch a purchaſe give the weight in gold.
VVe are on thorns to hear his ſtory out,
Intreating him to lay aſide his doubt.
And on he goes. Full oft the ſtormy skies
Have counſel'd us (O had we been ſo wiſe!)
To raiſe our ſiege, but never in that ſtyle,
As when we were about to build this pile.
Yet ſo did they inrage the ſea, that ſtill
They took away the power to give the will.
In this ſuſpenſe *Eurypylus* is ſent
T' inquire at *Delphos* what was the portent.
Dire Oracles incens'd *Apollo* ſings,
VVhich from the holy threſhold thus he brings.
O Greeks, when to the ſiege of Troy you came,
You offerd up a Virgin ſoul in flame;
In flame agen, when ere you would return,
A Grecian ſoul unto the winds muſt burn.
The people ſtupid when they hear this news,
Expect with horror whom the god will chuſe.
The Prieſt comes forth, is urged by my foe
To name his man (men ſaw how this would go)
Yet tender *Calchas*, to conceal from whence
He had his Oracle, is in ſuſpenſe;
Ten days he takes, in which to ſeek and know
Of heaven, what was reſolv'd ſo long ago,
And end his piety where it began,
VVhile I at length am pointed out the man;
And every one, tranſported thus to be
Deliver'd of his own, lays load on me.
VVhat remedy? the day is come, the corn
And ſalt prepar'd, the filet to be worn.

I muſt

I muſt confeſs, not yet prepar'd to die,
I brake my bonds, and made a ſhift to flie
Into the ſedges of a lake, there lay
Perdu, till they had weigh'd, if they would weigh.
And thus have I eſcap'd the ſacrifice,
For which perhaps my deareſt friend now dies;
My father or my ſon, whom I, nor thee
My native Countrey, ever hope to ſee.
If truth have any Patron (mighty Sir)
In heaven or earth, by him I do conjure,
Ponder the weight of my calamity,
The greateſt that of guilt was ever free.
The captive hath his pardon as his due,
And pity of free gift, they brake and threw
Away his bonds, while *Priamus* (good King)
Thus thaw'd his ſadneſs like the cheerful ſpring.
Stranger from hence forgetting *Greece* well loſt,
Eſteem thy ſelf a native of this coaſt;
No more of that, we call thee ours. But ſay,
(This monſtrous horſe confounds me every way)
VVhat is portended by the mighty beam?
Is it religion or ſtratagem?
Sinon, with raiſed hands at liberty,
Exclaims, Eternal ſpangles of the sky,
Inviolable powers, polluted ſwords,
Ye altars I have ſcap'd, ye fillets, cords,
VVhat *Greece* can have, to you I now appeal
So ſacred, as I ought not to reveal.
If ſhe her love, her nature can revoke,
I am abſolved from the law ſhe broke.
But *Troy*, if faithful to the hope ſhe gives
Shall nere repent it, that her *Sinon* lives.
VVhile *Pallas* rul'd the *Grecian* arms, 'twas ſo

That

That what deſign ſo ere they drave would go:
But from the time that forge of wickedneſs,
Ulyſſes got with *Diomede* acceſs
Unto her ſhrine, by killing of her guard,
And there with bloud-imbrued clutches dar'd
To touch the goddeſs and her fillet tear,
To drag her a ſtatue by the virgin hair, a the *Paladium.*
Their fortune like a mighty tide gave back,
The ſtrength, the nerve of their deſign grew ſlack.
Nor had the goddeſs her eſtranged breſt
By undiſcerned prodigies expreſs'd:
For when her image came into the camp,
The marble ſwet, the eye was like a lamp,
And thrice ſhe brandiſh'd in the open field
Her threatning ſword, and raiſed up her ſhield.
Calchas denounces that they muſt depart,
Troy cannot ſuffer by a *Grecian* dart
Till all renew'd at *Argos*, they reſign
The ſtoln *Palladium* to the proper ſhrine.
Nor are they now at home for other ends
Then to recruite, and make the gods their friends,
That when you leaſt expect they may invade
You freſh, for ſo it is by *Calchas* laid.
And for the horſe, which warned of their guilt,
In lieu of the *Paladium* they built,
Calchas ordain'd it of the height you ſee
To bar your gates againſt the deity.
For thus he propheſies, deſtruction ſhall
The *Trojan* name and *Priam*'s throne befal
(VVhich righteous heaven fulfil in him and his)
If you ſhall violate this edifice;
But, if intire her ſaving gift aſcend
Your City, *Pallas* ſhall be *Aſia*'s friend,

VVhoſe

VVhoſe armies through the heart of *Greece* ſhall run,
The fathers due repaying to the ſon.
VVe give him credit, and his tears ſucceed,
The fraud and perjuries of *Sinon* ſpeed
Where *Diomedes* and *Achilles* fail
In ten years war, and with a thouſand ſail.
Yet 'twas an higher hand, while this was hot
That ſtriking forged up the iron plot.
Laocoon, Prieſt of *Neptune*, deals his blows,
A mighty bull before the altar bows,
When lo, from *Tenedos* two ſerpents creep,
Whoſe circling backs ingulph the calmy deep,
Their bloody mains above the wave they hold,
And in their winding tales large ſeas infold;
The poyſon'd billows caſt them on the ſhore,
Licking their jaws that hiſs with flame and gore.
Pale and diſpers'd we flie, they ſpring upon
Two of the children of *Laocoon*,
Soft limbs in venomous embraces wrap,
And open purple fountains where they lap.
The father with the threatning dart he brought
To help, into the running nooſe is caught,
And twice about his neck and waſte they got,
Raiſing their heads above the ſcaly knot,
Which he endeavours to unty in vain,
His holy fillet blood and rancor ſtain;
At which he bellows like a bull that ſhakes
Out of his wounded neck the failing ax:
The ſpiny dragons in ſwift mazes flie
To fierce *Minerva*'s cittadel, there lie
Low at the virgins foot, and hurkle in
Protected by her golden ſhield and ſhrine.
New terror creeps into each breſt, they own

The

The vengeance juſt that ſiez'd *Laocoon*,
Whoſe ſacrilegious javelin dar'd to maim
The beauty of the conſecrated frame;
And cry to have it inſtantly brought in,
If ſo they may the angry Goddeſs win.
We lay the City open, break the wall,
Some faſten wheels unto the pedeſtal,
Harneſs the horſe, and draw him by his trace;
Men are his team, he mounts the breach a pace:
Soft virgins flock, and proud to touch the ſtring,
Like ſwans at *Cytherea*'s chariot ſing,
Till from the ruine of the wall they launch
Into the threatned ſtreet the ſounding Paunch.
Ah, Mother *Troy*, ah walls with trophies hung,
Ah temple where the gods had dwelt ſo long!
Thrice in his journey was the beaſt diſcern'd
To ſtop, and thrice his iron bowels yern'd,
While we more beaſts were haling, till at length
Plac'd in the tower we gave the foe our ſtrength.
Here all was ſaid, but 'twas *Caſſandra* ſaid it,
Who was indu'd with truth, but not with credit.
Poor ſouls, the day to be our laſt, we dreſt
With boughs, and celebrated as a feaſt,
When fell the Sun, as if the orbe of light
Had burſt, and ſcatter'd with his cinders night;
That night which ſpread her ſable wing abroad
Ore heaven, ore earth, and ore the *Grecian* fraud.
The *Trojans* ſilent as the walls they keep
Bedew their ſtiffned limbs which ſupple ſleep,
While with the moon to friend, the *Grecians* croſs
Into the well known ſhore from *Tenedos*;
Their order'd decks no ſooner were advanc'd,
Then flame out of the Admiral gally glanc'd,

Which

Which was the ſign appointed to be given;
Sinon at this (that curſe of partial heaven)
Broaches the horſe, which by a rope to run
Begins, as when you pierce a poyſond tun.
Vlyſſes, *Sthenelus*, *Tiſandrus*, *Thaos*,
The Architect *Epeus*, *Menelaus*,
Machaon, *Pyrrhus*, on the dead now fall,
For wine and ſleep by this had bury'd all.
Our guards cut off, their companies that wait
Are both received and receive the gate.
About the hour heavens bounty ſleep renews,
The ſtrength of mortals and their care ſubdues,
The ghoſt of *Hector* ſmear'd with duſt and blood
Approach'd my bed, and ſtaring on me ſtood,
His cheeks were ſallow, and his eyes were dim,
As when the chariot drag'd him by a limb.
O heavens the ſpectacle! ah how he was
Transformed from that *Hector* who gave chace
To proud *Achilles*, and from thence return'd
In Laurel, and his brighter ſpoils adorn'd!
Who ſplit the *Grecians* while the *Trojan* brand
Fell on their navies from his lightning hand!
His beard was ſtiff, each wound a running ſore,
His lovely locks were clotted with his gore.
Mine eyes guſh'd forth, ah *Hector*, ah the joy,
The ſtrength, the glory, the ſupport of *Troy*,
Where haſt thou been, whence doeſt thou come, how art
Thou furrow'd with thoſe wounds that wound my heart?
Why after ſuch effuſion in this place
Of *Dardan* blood ſee we ſo late thy face?
Hé anſwers not, but with a dreadful cry
Exclaims,

Exclaims, ſon of the goddeſs fly, O fly.
Our gates are ſiezed by th' inſulting foe,
Great *Troy*, to which nor you nor I do owe,
Is fallen, fallen from her envy'd height,
Acknowledging we both have done her right.
The reſt is vain, if ſhe had been to ſtand
That had been granted unto this right hand.
Her holy reliques, to thy piety
Bequeathed by her ſelf, bear thou with thee,
Whoſe wandring fate by theſe conducted, ſhall
In forraign parts ſet up the *Trojan* wall.
This ſaid, from *Veſta*'s cooling hearth he tears
Th' immortal flame, and forthwith diſappears.
Our houſe inviron'd by a ſilent wood
Retir'd ſome diſtance from the City ſtood.
Confuſed noiſes riſe in ſhreeks and fire,
The light grows greater, and the clamour higher.
As when a tempeſt fans with her hoarſe wings
A ſpark, which into ſtanding corn ſhe brings;
Or when a torrent at his forrage mocks
The labour of the plough-man and his ox,
Aſtoniſh'd ſhepherds waking at the ſound
Climb ſome high clift, and view the waſted ground:
Rous'd from my bed upon a tower I hover,
The *Grecian* fraud and fury thence diſcover.
Deiphobuſes houſe fierce *Vulcan* razes,
And now *Ucalegon* our neighbour blazes,
The Seas themſelves are ſet on many fires
By the reflection of flaming ſpires.
Trumpets with ſhouts, and ſhreeks with trumpets vy,
To arms, to arms, give me my arms, I cry:
But to what end, I am as much to ſeek,
Except the caſtle held, and through the *Greek*

We

We were enow to make our way. Deſpair
Provides companions that nothing fear.
Panthus Otriades, *Apollo*'s Prieſt,
Haling his little Nephew by the wriſt,
And loaden with his reliques, firſt we met.
Panthus, what chear, the caſtle holds it yet?
W' are gone, w' are loſt, he cries, the hour is come,
We have been *Trojans*, this was *Ilium*,
The mighty glory of our anceſters,
Now all to *Argos* wrathful heaven tranſfers:
The burning City's maſter'd by the *Greeks*,
The teeming horſe has open'd all his decks.
Inſulting *Sinon* lays about in flame,
Thouſands that are not of the *Grecian* name
Poſſeſs the gates, upon the breaches ſtand,
The reeking ſword is in a bloody hand;
Some of our guards a noble heat expreſs,
But few, and they expos'd to great diſtreſs.
At this as clamor and the furies guide,
We follow, *Ripheus* marching by my ſide,
With gallant *Iphitus*, then by the moon
Dymas and *Hypanis* fall in, and ſoon
(Unto adventures equal with his ſtake)
Comes young *Corœbus* for *Caſſandra*'s ſake:
Unhappy youth, who yet had breath'd this air
Had he believ'd her true as he did fair.
To theſe, great ſouls reſolv'd to charge, ſaid I
Although our gods retreat, our fortune fly,
Since all extreams meet in the point they ſhun,
This is our ſafety that we look for none.
Which ſaid, as wolves, whoſe cubs are dry-lip'd, prey,
Through night, through darts, through death we make our way.

That hollow herſe of darkneſs never ſhall
Find tears proportion'd to her funeral:
The growth of ages, from her envi'd height,
The antient City tumbles in a night,
The mangled ſpoils of ſouls in ſad exile,
Her houſes, ſtreets, her holy fanes defile.
Nor falls the *Trojan* only, or in vain;
Courage in frozen boſomes gives again;
The victor takes his turn, and has his hap,
While death is revelling in every ſhape.
Firſt of the *Greeks Androgeo*, by miſtake,
Accoſt's us thus. So camerades, you make
Good haſte it ſeems, while *Troy* is bound for *Greece*,
Others returning ſtow her golden fleece
On ſinking keels, you but disbarque: what ails
You creep out of your wooden ſhells like ſnails!
But as a man that treads upon a ſnake
Too late perceives his error and gives back,
We charge him through and through, while he retires,
And cut him off engag'd among the briars.
At this ſucceſs *Coræbus* well adviſes,
We thus have gotten arms with fit diſguiſes,
Purſue we fortune in her choſen ways;
Courage and ſtratagem are equal praiſe:
And ſo puts on *Androgeo*'s plumed creſt,
Commending his example to the reſt.
Thus with the *Trojan* ſword and *Grecian* ſhield,
Thouſands of foes we leave for ever ſeild;
Some ſneak abord, ſome to the lower ſhade,
And others reaſcend their wooden jade.
But who can ſtrive with heaven! we meet divine
Caſſandra drag'd from her *Minerva*'s ſhrine,
With flowing hair, and raiſed eyes in vain.

At which, into the midſt of the prophane,
Corœbus charg'd. We ſecond him, thus known
Unto their men and not unto our own,
Our friends, deceived by our bucklers, poure
Their fury on us from the temple tower.
To this both *Ajax* and the furious [b] ſons
Of *Atreus* bring up their *Myrmidons*.
We joyn like blaſts from diſtant quarters met,
And whirle-winds in the rough embrace beget.
Numbers oppreſs us, they, whom partial night
Had reſcu'd once, return unto the fight.
Corœbus on *Minerva*'s altar dies,
Caſſandra's moſt unwelcome ſacrifice.
Ripheus true *Trojan*, with his *Dymas* by
Miſtaking friends, are kill'd in curteſy.
Nor would thy Mitre *Panthus* ſerve thy turn.
To *Troy*'s cold aſhes and your common urne,
If any danger could divert the zeal
I ſhew'd your lives to reſcue, I appeal.
Peleas and *Iphytus* with me are born,
By clamour forward (*Iphytus* was worn
With age, and *Pelias* feeble with a wound
Ulyſſes gave) w' are hurri'd till we found
The Court engaged in a fight ſo ſore
As if there had been nothing done before.
The *Greeks* cloſe rank'd their heads with targets ſlate,
Apply the tortoys unto every gate,
Others their lathers ſet unto the walls,
The left defends the head, the right hand ſcales;
While from the roof the *Trojans* roll the ſpires
And battlements, the pomp of their old ſiers,
The waken'd rafters with their guilded beams,
Are amunition in theſe ſad extreams.

[b] *Menelaus*, & *Agamennon*.

Others with rough proviſion below
Attend ith' entreys to ſuſtain the foe.
Priam's diſtreſs our loyal blood inflames;
There was a ſecret paſſage for the dames
Of *Hector*'s houſe unto the Court, which way
His children were accuſtom'd to go play
(*Troy* then was happy) with their granſire King;
By this recruites unto the Court we bring,
There climb the roof from whence with ſmall effect
The *Trojans* their derided ſhot direct.
Here yet remain'd a turret *Priam*'s ſpy,
Whence he was wont to view the enemy,
We hew her from her lofty ſeat, diſcloſe
Her joynts, and pour the ruine on our foes;
Thouſands are bury'd, but, do what we can,
On their neglected graves as many ſtand.
Automedon brings up the *Scyrian* bands
With *Periphas*, and ſtorms the roof with brands.
Pyrrhus, in armour like the burniſh'd skins
Of vipers basking in the Sun, begins
To force the pallace gate: at every ſtroak
His iron javelin feeds upon the oak,
Till eaten through the heart, it now diſcloſe
The entrails ſacred to our Kings repoſe;
The guards with which the yielding door is lin'd,
Are firſt in view with ſpacious Courts behind.
Out of the inner parts confuſed cries,
Piercing the walls aſcend unto the skies,
Virgins in horror of their ruthleſs dooms
Wander the vaſt and ſolitary rooms,
Embrace the pillars, clip and kiſs the ſtone,
The marble thaws, the hollow arches groan.
Pyrrhus inſiſts with native fury born,

The

The doors are from their brazen hinges torn,
The guards cut off. Streams, that have burst their dams,
Swept herds of bulls away with flocks of lambs,
Into the eddys of some valley come,
As now the *Greek* flows into every room.
Proud columns hatch'd with gold, with trophies hung,
Are taught humility and laid along.
Where fire goes out, the fiercer *Grecians* hold.
His *Troy* on flame, his pallace forc'd, the old
King, feeble, and decrepid with his years,
Yet full of courage and resolv'd appears
In unaccustom'd arms to welcome death.
There was an inner Court, in this beneath
The green pavilion of a Laurel stood
The houshold gods, their table and their food,
An altar that was dayly smoaking. Hither,
Like flocks of Doves pursu'd by stormy weather,
The *Trojan* dames with *Hecuba* were fled,
And hung upon the Altars horned head.
But when the Queen perceiv'd her *Priamus*
In youthful arms, she let the Altar loose
And hung about his neck, my aged Lord,
Alas, (says she) were this my *Hector*'s sword
It were too late, our exigences call
For other aids then these, or none at all;
This Altar shall defend us both, or neither,
As we have liv'd so let us die together.
Which said, she set him on the sacred stone.
When lo, *Polites*, *Priam*'s younger son,
By *Pyrrhus* wounded, and pursued flies
Through privy passages and galleries,
Till reach'd, he spill upon the holy place
His purple soul before his fathers face.

The King above the danger, at the dire
Affront expreſſes this beſeeming ire.
The gods reward thee (if in heaven there be
Such care) for that which thou haſt made me ſee;
The like *Achilles* never would have done,
Thou doſt but fain thy ſelf to be his ſon.
At which with all his ſtrength he dealt a ſtroke,
That *Pyrrhus* with his brazen target broke,
And took him ſliding in the blood yet warm
Of his cold ſon, then wound about his arm
The ſnowy treſſes of the feeble ſire,
And drag'd him to the Altar. Go, enquire
Among the ſhades (ſays he) whoſe ſon I am,
Or tell my father how I Soil his name.
Which words by unrelenting *Pyrrhus* ſaid,
The other hand ſtrikes off old *Priam*'s head.
The ſons of *Atreus* with equal rage
Succeeding *Pyrrhus* ſpare nor ſex, nor age,
Till in their blood upon the altar lay
By thoughtleſs *Priam* willing *Hecuba*,
Extinguiſhing the flames they us'd to feed,
By theſe an hundred of their off-ſpring bleed.
Such was the end of *Priamus*, when he
The ruine of his realm had liv'd to ſee;
The potent Prince to whom all *Aſia* gave
Obedience is not allow'd a grave;
His mighty trunk upon the ſhore is thrown
A common carkaſs, and a corſe unknown.
This ſpectacle my ſoul, till now of proof,
Had wholly ſtupifi'd, while on the roof
I ſtood deſerted to a man by all:
And dire remembrancers, what might befal
My family, deprived of my aid.

With

With horrour to my guilty conſcience laid.
My father in the King, in *Hecuba*
My undefended wife *Creuſa* lay,
And of the children that I look'd upon
Me thought *Aſcanius* muſt needs be one.
Too late, while every paſs is block'd with fire,
I caſt about enraged to retire,
When lo, in flame that quenches flame and me,
From heav'n deſcends my Mother-Deity.
Son, ſays the Goddeſs, thanks to me are due,
That all is well at home, and not to you.
And for your Countrey, lay the cruel ſtorm,
This blood was not from *Helen*'s envy'd form,
Paris was not the maker of this fire.
Though dim mortality go ſeldom higher,
Men are but inſtruments of heav'ns decree,
And this ſuch *Hero's* as thy ſelf ſhould ſee.
Render thine arms, obey in ſuddain flight,
Behold, they are the gods themſelves that fight.
Which ſaid, a ray ſhe drops into mine eyes
That fills them with celeſtial light, and flyes.
Now *Neptune*, where the duſt and ſmoak aroſe,
Beheld I with his Trident dealing blows,
The ſpreading walls which he had hoyſt before
He furles, and makes their lofty turrets lore.
Waving a ſword unto her *Grecians* ſat
Remorſleſs *Juno* on the *Scæan* gate:
Upon the caſtle with her Gorgon ſtood
Bellona, brewing in a cloud of blood:
Nay, *Jove* himſelf ſo us'd to carry even
In *Grecian* arms array'd the hoaſt of heaven.
Troy, like a pine, that was the mountain's pride,
By husbandmen beſet on every ſide,

Whoſe axes lay their ſighing blows upon
Her ſtable root, now trembles, and anon
Slowly begins to bow, then with a groan
Aſtoniſhing the ſounding woods comes down.
The gods muſt be obey'd, farewell my Joy,
Eternally farewel *Neptunian Troy.*
Now ſwerves the Palace, our ſupporters bend,
The roof that follows lands me; I deſcend
In ruine that before my flying feet
Chaſes the conqueror, and clears the ſtreet.
Unto the place once call'd our home, I ſteer,
Reſolv'd my father thence with ſpeed to bear.
But good old man, he utterly denies
To lay his bones but where his *Ilium* lies.
You that have blood to fill and warm your veins,
Have means to flie, and ſomewhat for your pains,
(Says he) but I ſhould find ſome other way,
Heav'n in theſe ruines laughs at my delay.
Alas, what ſhould he fly that ſeeks his end?
Help is at hand, a foe will be a friend.
All that of this cold earth can live is you,
My dear reſources leave a corſe, adieu.
My wife *Creus'*, *Aſcanius*, and I
Bathing with tears his feet, at which we lie,
Beſeech him as he wiſhes ſuch reſource
Not to obſtruct it in the proper courſe,
Nor think the loſs already had ſo ſmall
As thus to argue till he loſe us all.
Still he perſiſts. Why then our flight, her ſears
Hath mew'd, for farewel hopes and farewel fears:
And ſhould a father think while he hath none
There can remain an hope unto his ſon!
My arms, my arms, the life I purchas'd at

Some

Some price, let me go ſell at any rate;
Or *Pyrrhus* call to murder with a grace
Another ſon before his fathers face.
Ah mother *Venus*, thou haſt ſtood indeed
My friend, but has it been a friend at need,
If I be but preſerv'd to ſee my father,
Creus', *Aſcanius*, mix life blood together?
My arms, my arms, it is the laſt day calls
The Victor to the Captives funerals,
Who ſhall be entertain'd.---- As with ſuch words
I flung away, *Creuſa's* arms were cords,
Who on her knees imbrac'd my feet, and ſpread
Aſcanius in the ſtep I was to tread.
If death, ſays ſhe, be good, and of deſpair
You ſeek that cure, refuſe us not our ſhare,
If ill forſake us not at ſuch a need,
Since he that flies to arms hath hope to ſpeed.
As thus ſhe argues with a tide of tears,
Behold a ſuddain prodigy appears,
Aſcaniuses curles have caught a fire
That on his tufted crown erects a ſpire,
Kiſſes his temples where it feeding ſhines,
And ſoftly with his unſing'd treſſes twines.
Creus' and I implore the liquid aid
Of ſprings, and with their gift the flame invade.
But old *Anchiſes*, with his hands to heaven,
Exalted at the ſign the gods have given,
Invokes the confirmation of their love
With zealous prayers addreſt to father *Jove*.
It thunder'd, and a falling ſtar that drew
A ſilver ſtreak out of her rav'led clew,
To tack her thread upon the houſe begun,
And thence unto the woods of *Ida* ſpun.

Anchiſes

Anchiſes is convinc'd, now no delay
Since his adored goddeſs chalks the way.
My honour'd father, come, you are no weight,
(Who bears his health is lighten'd by his freight)
Sit on my neck, thy hand *Aſcanius*,
And dear *Creus'* be ſure you follow cloſe;
For you the ſervants, at the Cypreſs tree,
Upon the ſolitude of *Ceres*, be
The rendevouz. Our gods my father bears,
I him, thus fraught with all my hopes and fears
I go; *Aſcanius* graſps my hand, and traces
His fathers ſteps, though with unequal paces,
Creuſa follows. Was I us'd to ſtart!
Now not a leaf that ſtirs but chils my heart!
The horror of the night, the vaſt and wild
Fields which we paſs affright me like a child.
When well advanc'd upon our way, we meet
A ſuddain claſh of fire, and ſound of feet.
At this *Anchiſes* cry'd, *Æneas*, fly,
And ſo I did as faſt as I could hy.
Thus chas'd, I know not by what envious power,
Deareſt *Creus'* I ſaw not from that hour.
Nor did I know or think how poor a man
I was, till we arriv'd at *Ceres* fane:
Where all are ſafe, but when we find the coſt,
(While ſhe alone is wanting) all are loſt.
Whether ſhe ſtaid or fainted by the way,
Or frighted by the ſpirits went aſtray,
Ye heav'ns it was a great ſeverity!
The ſack of *Troy* was not ſo much to me!
Unto a truſty covert I commend
My treaſure in my young and ancient friend,
With ſuch as met us at the Cypreſs tree:

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd the ſable field again to ſee,
And try if I have courage now to greet
The powers with lightning eyes and thundring feet.
The darkneſs ſeem'd a vault, the night a tomb,
I call'd, *Creuſa*, O *Creuſa* come.
Horror condenſes, and in tears diſtils,
The eccho's ſhreek upon the waking hills.
Creuſa, O *Creuſa*, hear, O hear,
Thou knoweſt my woes, and if thy ſoul yet wear
The tenderneſs of humane fleſh, ſhouldſt aid:
Or, ah *Creuſa*, if thou beeſt a ſhade,
Can bleſſed ſpirits wound as thou haſt done,
And are they void of all compaſſion!
At ſuch complaints, to my affrighted eyes,
Her taller ghoſt appears, and thus replies.
My Lord, aſſwage the paſſion that trains
This fond indulgence unto fruitleſs pains:
Thus heav'n will have it: unpropitious *Jove*
Forbids *Creuſa* to enjoy her love.
Where *Lydian Tyber* flows, the gods prepare
Him fortunes, better then admit her ſhare;
A ſcepter and a crowned bride. My dear,
Love my *Aſcanius*, and ſpare that tear.
I do not in low ſervitude diſgrace
The ſon of *Venus*, nor the *Dardan* race.
Nor *Myrmidon*, nor *Dolop* me conſtrains
To wait upon his wife, or wear his chains,
Who, by the *Corybants* preſented, dwell
With great *Cybele*. Deareſt Lord, farewel.
I call'd, I cry'd, endeavour'd to have ſtaid
With my deluded arms the flitting ſhade,
That cruelly regardleſs of my moans
Leaves me embracing air and thawing ſtones.

The

The night was wasted. I return and find
Our company increas'd in every kind:
A miserable multitude implore
Me but to set 'em upon any shore.
The morning from mount *Ida* blusht to show
Our gates, not to be rescu'd from the foe;
When with my father and my helpless flocks
I fled unto the refuge of the rocks.

FINIS.

Inconſtancy.

HE who at firſt a womans mind
Compar'd to the inconſtant wind,
Did it in gratitude, not ſpleen,
For, had this ever conſtant been,
We that in wealth to pomp abound
Had ſcarce for needful uſes found.
It is his vary'd dance that leads
Us to the eaſtern ſpicy meads,
And back again our courſe declines
To dig in the rich weſtern mines,
Where ſhould it ſtand ſtill to one coaſt
The trafick of the world were loſt.

On Florella's *coming to be a maid of honour.*

WHen in *Florella* first I view'd
The charms which more then I have rud,
She past here time in speckled bowers
And dwelt among the Country flowers.
My wonder lending fame a wing
This beauty to the Court to bring,
The virgin streight began to wear
An heart as hard as she was fair.
So Divers from the deep invite
The hidden coral to the light,
When at the touch of air alone
The tender plant turns precious stone.

FINIS.